

ADULTS ONLY

**BARRED**

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# OUTLAW MOTORCYCLE

Exclusive interview  
Peter Fonda

**BRUTAL!**  
**FRANK!**  
**VIOLENT!**



VOL. ONE NUMBER FIVE

Today's rebels on wheels, living a legend of violence and excitement  
Their love is hate...for everything and everyone—but each other

# BARRED

# OUTLAW MOTORCYCLE

Special  
Second Issue

**SPECIAL**  
**ANGELS from HELL!**



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Executive Editor Titus Moody.



CRUEL

**UNASHAMED**

**UNTAMED...**



Sylvia, Wife of Tiki  
President, Kenny Means



Hanging out at some taco joint or roaring down the highway hell bent for mischief . . . They command attention and this is exactly what they want and get. Odd-ball attire, blunt-scissor haircuts, beards and goofy headgear. Add it all up and you've got a bunch of Barbarian bastards . . . or some claim, the mod generation gladiators. Read, look and decide for yourself afterall (as they say) isn't this a dimocrazy! !

**WILD  
ANGELS**



**Note two  
wild  
blondes  
in the  
three  
wheeler!?!**





Outlaws want to smash through the square world that hems them in. They leave no past, expect nothing in the future, they live for the moment, the instant thrill!



**"Outlaws" are not of this world ... dope, orgies you name it ... they'll do it!!**



**What's wrong with sharing  
a "mama" with the boys?  
Drink, and L.S.D. stir up the pulse!**

ORIGINALS . . .

Levis that have never known a bar of soap!

HOG . . .

Huge, unwieldy rig, usually a Harley 75!

BATH . . .

Something you take every month, whether you need it or not!

OLD LADY . . .

Chick married to an outlaw rider . . . hands off!

MAMA . . .

Doll who free-lances her virtue to club members!

NUMBER ONE . . .

The select one percent who do not belong to the American Motorcycle Assn.

SHOWING CLASS . . .

Wild acts to shake up the squares . . . the citizens!

RED WINGS . . .

This definition is barred!!

GARBAGE WAGON . . .

Stock machine from dealer's showroom!

PULLIN' A TRAIN . . .

Sexual capers with the entire outlaw group. All for one and one for all!

CRASH . . .

Roaring drunk, completely gone!

SNUFFED . . .

An unlucky outlaw rider who has checked out, but permanently!

FLASH . . .

Heaving up booze or chow, to vomit!

COLORS . . .

Jacket insignia, with club emblem and name!

CHOPPER . . .

The gladiator's mechanized steed. High roll handle-bars, cut fenders, double exhaust pipes, fuel tank decorated and lots of chrome plating!





Party to an "outlaw" means six-packs chug-a-lug with any bottle handy... Bay Rum to Jim Beam! Cocktails are for the citizens! Petting.. that's for children.

# PARTY TIME



After the long ride, the outlaws plan to congregate in one area for a weekend party. The Roman orgies were mild, compared to some of the cyclist parties. They really think nothing of taking over a whole town, and in a few cases they have done just that. They are one-for-all and all-for-one, that is outlaws. If there is anything an outlaw rider believes in, it is a good swinging party. And why not, after all the trouble they have been through to get there? It is really a tire-some trip and they should be entitled to a little relaxation — so they believe.

They have all sorts of little games to play, and contests which are far from cards or checkers. One of their favorite contests is called "Chug-a-Lug" involving as many cyclists that want to participate. The object is to form a circular course with one start and finish line. The cyclist has to circle the course on his bike; in doing so, he has to chug-a-lug a bottle of beer. The winner, of course, is the one who can drink the most beer, and make it around more times than the others without taking a spill. It is much better than the stock car races on Saturday night.

Drag racing is a favorite among the clubs. There is nothing like racing on a motorcycle when you are loaded out of your mind (intoxicated), especially at night. In this case, the motorcycles are always easier to start than stop. To an outlaw rider, they are fascinated in living close to death; this is part of their challenge in life. Anyhow, an outlaw funeral is a very interesting affair, we will talk about it later.

The prize for these events might be just about anything!

The outlaws call their steady girlfriends and wives "Old Ladies." It is a bad mistake for anyone fooling around with one of their Old Ladies, and can

lead to serious trouble, especially for an outsider.

Then, there is their sexual activities. Some clubs have "Mamas," meaning a girl who will share herself with all the members of a particular club. There aren't too many of these girls around, because if a club is in a little trouble, such as needing a few gallons of gas — they may auction her off to the highest bidder. Surprisingly, some of these girls are pretty attractive and just dig having sex with animal type men. They are always looking for a new mama or a girl that will pull a train, the latter is their slang expression for a female that will have intercourse with each man in a line of club members.

A few clubs issue Red Wings to a member if he will commit cunnilingus on a menstruating woman; Black Wings, meaning a Negro woman. U.S. Air Force flight wings painted on the tips are used as the insignia. This is quite an honor to certain members to wear red or black wings on his levi jacket, and some have both. It is usually done while all members are looking on, then the fellow who is committing the sexual act, afterward will kiss all his buddies on the lips.

Every party needs a little music; what's a party without some groovy sounds. There are always a few entertainers among the groups. Like the old western days, a few will group together digging the beat to whatever it may be. Then they have their own songs which many members will join in clapping hands and singing. It isn't too hard get them to sing, because a good percentage of them are extroverts and enjoy the fact that they may be annoying someone.

At night, a camp fire is a necessity to the outlaws, for they must keep warm and cozy: it also adds a romantic touch. It is recommended by authority never to



Some famous outlaw clubs . . .

The Road Detergents  
East Bay Dragons  
Devils Henchmen  
El Diablos  
Coffin Cheaters  
Jungle Jims  
Satan's Slaves  
Monks  
Outlaws

Junkies  
Gypsy Jakes  
The Angels  
Monkeys  
Chosen Few  
Oakland Flyers  
Watts Whats  
Queens Will  
Sixty Niner



build a house next to one of their campsites, because in case of a shortage of wood, they might just borrow the front porch, with the intention of returning it – of course.

As you look around the party grounds, you may see all kinds of characters from different walks of life. There is usually a human bottle opener; a fellow that uses his teeth to open beer bottles for other club members. This is quite unique, because it saves wear and tear on bottle openers. Then, there is the little guy that has a toupee and the other members keep grabbing it from his head. This is really a cruel thing to do, because the poor outlaw might get sunburned where the hair is missing.

Brawls are quite common among the Barbarian breed of cyclist. What else might there be to do when the party gets boring? They have never been known to fight fair or according to the rule book.

In some cases after the fight is broken up, they will even shake hands. Then the madder of the two, while his opponent is walking away will sneak up behind him and rap him over the head with a chain or whatever else might be handy at the time. Then the contest of who can fight the dirtiest will start all over again. To be considered a handsome outlaw, one should have at least several battle or accident scars. It also makes an excellent conversational piece to reminisce about.

A stamp of individualism are the many Nazi souvenirs which are worn on their jackets. Members are not followers of any anti-government movement, but they collect these souvenirs much like a stamp collector. Many times they are seen swapping them with fellow outlaws from different parts of the state. They actually despise the new radicals and every so often are involved in break-





ing up some student demonstration over Viet-Nam.

Their main diet while partying is beer, a lower grade of wine and marijuana. Bennies are used to keep the party going, because the longer it lasts, sometimes for days, the wilder it gets.

If a member should happen to crash (meaning pass out from fatigue) he may wake up and find several outlaws urinating on him. You could say it is like a big party marathon.

If a normal person would be watching some of their activity — the outlaws would go to extremes to blow a person's mind, meaning they would do something very foul just to shock the person. They refer to anyone who isn't an outlaw motorcyclist, a "Citizen."

Now, after the modern day Roman orgy, the cyclists will gather up their things to split back to their pads. Like all great warriors, they must recuperate for the next Big Run. They usually go back in smaller packs, because they know the law is laying for them and it's much easier this way.

**3 wheel demon stalks the by-ways . . . note drag slicks!**



# CYCLE GALS



**Cycle wenches are really tougher, wilder than their male counter parts... nude beach weenie bakes, pullin' trains. Cussing and a little armed robbery when funds are low! Good wives to settle down with, 'cause they are loyal once they quit sowing the wild oats!**

Earl Finn Plays Drums for Outlaw  
Part. Earl is Eartha Kitt Drummer



California Attorney General's office first account of outlaw motorcycle gangs were right after World War II. In 1946, 750 of the outlaw riders rode into a town called Hollister in Northern California during the Fourth of July week-end. They

actually took over the whole town for the week-end. After that, a movie company made a film called "The Wild Ones" which probably inspired more outlaw gangs. Ever since that day they have become a myth.

# LEGENDS

**Over many years and well publicized escapades the "outlaw motorcycle" kooks have built up a living legend**



Now the legends of the modern day western heroes are spreading about like the stories of yesteryear's famed heroes which roamed the western plains such as Billy The Kid, Wyatt Earp, Dalton brothers, Jesse and Frank James. To say exactly how many of the stories are authentic is not important because the public is only interested in reading colorful stories with plenty of action. The only concern of the press is in selling copy, and in order to do so it must be on the sensational vane: A PROSPECTIVE OUTLAW CYCLIST MUST BRING A FEMALE PUNCHBOARD; THEY BANDED TOGETHER BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE WOULD HAVE THEM; OUTLAW CYCLISTS TAKE OVER TOWN; MOTORCYCLE GANG RAPES YOUNG GIRLS; DRUNKEN ORGIES BROKEN UP BY LAW; SEVERAL MOTORCYCLISTS ARRESTED, and so the headlines go.

Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch prepared a report recently that stated 151 outlaw motorcyclists had actually been convicted of felony and 85 had served time, 1023 misdemeanor convic-

tions reported were mainly for traffic violations. These figures covered a 15 year period. Now, if someone were to break these figures down percentage-wise, it would favor the outlaw groups. Nevertheless, the attorney general's report had a pretty harsh effect on the gangs when it was made public.

A half-hour television program on a local California station did no justice for the cult. It was entitled "Rebels On Wheels," showing the hangouts and a few members of certain clubs. The gangs felt that this was not an accurate account because they were bribed with a little alcohol and certain parts of the show weren't to be shown. The show did have an excellent rating, though.

The popular T.V. series "Run For Your Life" did a segment about Barbarian type cyclists which again showed them in a bad light - raping, and shooting many law enforcement officers. The outlaw cyclists were quite irritated by this particular one but did like the part about shooting all the cops, that was real righteous.

Two outlaws happen to show up on one of the more popular T. V. interview shows. The program even had a band which gave them a fan-fair. They were promoted to be guests on the show by an actor trying to raise funds to produce a motorcycle motion picture. It seemed the two guests needed a little "something" for encouragement before they went on, because they weren't poised actors as of yet. Many felt they had the potential. We can forget what happened on the interview. The results were not very good for the promoting actor. The outlaws blamed him for the rather incoherent interview. The movie was never made.

The controversial Joe Pyne show had Earl Finn of the Road Regents representing the outlaw group. Earl is quite masculine looking, clean-cut and very articulate in his speech pattern, you could say he is an excellent representative of the clubs.

The deal was made with Hal Parets, producer of the show. Hal suggested that it might be a good idea to bring a few motorcycles inside the studio so the audience could be familiarized with the outlaw type cycles. A few passes could be given to the outlaws that would like to sit in with the live audience. The word spread around town -- the night of the show Mr. Parets had approximately 100 motorcycles crashing through the gates. It was either no bikes or all.

Parets sweating a little, reorganized the studio to accommodate all the motorcycles while Earl started his interview with Joe Pyne. The interview got off to a good start and the cameras were cutting back and forth to the outlaws outside the stage and back to Earl. Everything was going very well this time for the outlaw breed -- even Joe Pyne was favoring the cyclist. Until those two disastrous cuts; a camera happened to catch two scrungy looking fellows kissing, they were trying to show real class.

The other one was a quick flash of a couple of outlaws wearing army field jackets painted neatly on the back "69" above and below the number, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

Hal Parets, the producer, doesn't laugh too much about this particular show but does brag about the fact of being a good promoter saying, "**THE WILD ONES** never had that many motorcycles and I'm only a T.V. producer." It was debatable, though, over raising Parets salary or billing him for the show.

Earl Finn did several radio interviews after the Pyne show. Later he was heard on the Frank Terry KHJ radio show telling his favorite story of the famed Porterville run which his club, the Road Regents, had set up for the other outlaw clubs. Porterville is in Central California and the run was made on the Labor Day weekend, 1963. According to Earl the clubs had no intentions of taking over the town, they just wanted to enjoy a weekend of partying. While dinning in a restaurant with his attractive young girlfriend, Earl was approached by two law enforcement deputies ordering him out of the restaurant. He refused to leave because his dinner had just been served and he wanted to chow-down. The deputies left and a few minutes later returned with a couple of furious looking dogs and ordered Earl and his girl to leave again. Earl became violently upset at this, threatening to grab one of the dogs by the hind leg to club the law officers to death. Mind you, this was only a threat and not an actual happening but in the minds of certain people listening to the show, they might just misinterpret it, thinking Earl clubbed the officers to death with the poo dog.

A classic motion picture has been made, tending to degrade the outlaw Motorcycle Society, entitled "Wild Angels." It really shows the Bohemian cyclist as babbling idiots and degenerates. The plot is simple: an outlaw leader steals

## **Ridin' single or in a big run the "outlaws" command attention wherever they tool**

a police motorcycle and in doing so is shot down wrecking the bike. He is taken to the hospital to be saved. The gang decides to high-jack the wounded rebel because in their minds blood plasma is not adequate and the only thing that can save him is 'pot.' In the meantime, while they are stealing the dying outlaw, one of the caucasian rough-necks rapes a young, beautiful Negro nurse but is in such a hurry he doesn't really have time to get her pregnant. This pointed out the fact that the gang is not prejudice. They get the nearly dead cyclist back to the pad to give him first aid through a marijuana cigarette. To their surprise he dies. Well, that's okay, because it's a blast to have a funeral. Before burying the outlaw corpse, they decide to play with the body and beat up the "priest" because he's a square. All in all, it is a pretty depraved movie that can only give the outlaw gangs a worse image to the naive movie going public.

One funny thing did happen, though, during the filming of the movie, a semi-truck loaded with expensive chopper mo-

torcycles was high-jacked. Who should get blamed for the nasty trick but the outlaw motorcycle gangs, themselves.

Now, for the first time on any motion picture screen, comes the true and authentic story of the 'Outlaw Motorcycle Society' entitled "Outlaw Motorcycles." It is a factual documentary in color depicting California's far-out motorcycle clubs, non-bias to law and cyclist. This type of entertainment is almost impossible to sell to theatre owners or television stations because in many of their minds they can only see the outlaw cyclists injecting themselves with heroin, taking different forms of dope, having sex orgies, and all other of the crude happenings. The film just shows them as they are but does not glorify them. Theatres are always packed when this film plays.

It could be, in a few years or so, the movie producers and writers will be making the outlaw cyclist more heroic than they are already. We will probably see a rugged looking cyclist strapping on a pair of guns, swearing in his buddies as deputies to clean up a certain territory, restoring law and order.

Some "Monks" and Tiki's" off for a run





Whether in packs or ridin' single the  
outlaws are to be avoided





# THE CLUBS

**Over 638 members in So. Calif. chapters alone, mean many clubs**



## The Club Meeting

The most common place for club meetings to be held is in such places as bars, garages, motorcycle shops and a few clubs own their own clubhouses. The Gallopin Gooses own a bar which they call the mug, located in North Hollywood. It's open to the public.

Meetings are conducted in a crude formal manner. The president will call the meeting to order, then ask for the secretary's report, treasurer's report, followed by any new and old business. Most clubs will have a sergeant at arms. Membership fees are paid and annual dues are collected. The club will sometimes sponsor a dance or party just to raise more money for the treasury. If a member gets out of line at the meeting he is fined. A member picking a fight with another member, if he is wrong will also be fined. Some clubs will fine a member for missing meetings, but if he misses too many he will be expelled.

The treasurer will give his financial report; such as who is behind in dues and what it cost for the maintenance of the club's truck, which is always used on runs, or if one of the bikes should happen to break down around town.

There is always new and old business, such as the discussion of a prospective member. The only way a new mem-

ber can get in is by the unanimous vote of all the other members. It is surprisingly difficult for an aspiring young outlaw cyclist to get into any of the more prominent clubs. He must hang around for months before anyone will notice him, and he will have to make several apprentice runs. If he isn't liked by just one old timer in the group, the outlaw might just have to look for another club. Most of the bigger clubs have a waiting list, so as you can see, it is no easy ordeal to become a member of an outlaw club. Also, they have initiation and certain regulations for an outlaw motorcyclist before he can be admitted.

Most outlaw clubs usually have from 15 to 20 members. They prefer to keep it a small, tight group. It's better to have a few guys that you can depend on than a whole bunch of fellows that you can't keep track of is their belief.

Most outlaw motorcyclists range in age from a minimum of 21 all the way up to about 50. The majority are in their middle twenties. The average outlaw lasts approximately 6 years; he either has too many problems with the law or may just want to hang it up for a different type life. To be an outlaw motorcyclist means that you must expect to get hassled by the police many times. If you

Ken Means, President of Tiki's Shows his Bike to Patricia Teno, Hollywood Starlet.

ride your outlaw type bike often you will spend many hours in traffic court over trifles. Few employers ever want to hire a person who is branded as an outlaw motorcyclist. You have to learn to live away from a conventional society and be looked upon as a non-conformist, beatnik on wheels or just a plain individualist. You'll have learned to abide by club rules. If a citizen provokes trouble with any of the outlaws, they will always get the blame because of their past reputation.

When you are an outlaw cyclist you not only have to contend with the police, but you have all the politicians and general public wanting to put you down. Certain teen-agers will sometimes take pop shots at you while you are cruising along on your bike, just to gain some sort of recognition. Some citizens will try and cut you off or run over the top of you while you are driving along the freeway. You just have to ignore the fact that the odds are stacked against outlaws. You can never underrate an outlaw motorcyclist. Many of them are well educated and they're a tough bunch of guys living the rugged life they live. A noted sociologist once said, "there is a touch of this in all of us, so that is why society tends to aggrandize the barbarian outlaws of the modern day.

The outlaw clubs usually have names such as the Galloping Geoses, Satans Slaves, Road Rats, Cavaliers, Outlaws, El Diablos, Chosen Few (a Negro group), Gypsy Jokers, Road Regents, Tiki's, East Bay Dragons (a Negro group), Vikings, Sportsmen, K-lifts, Devils Henchmen, Monks, Coffin Cheaters, Iron Horsemen, Cossacks, Straight Slaves, Hangmen, and several others scattered throughout the state.

Despite all the troubles the outlaws are having with the law enforcement agencies and general public, they are growing. More and more clubs are springing up every year, while others are



growing larger. Also, there are many more outlaw loner type riders that do not belong to any certain club but just live as outlaw motorcyclists. A few of the larger clubs have several chapters throughout the State of California and even have chapters in different parts of the United States.

What is necessary to become a president? Presidents are the spokesmen for the club. They don't necessarily have to be the toughest member but should be able to hold their own in a good physical brawl. They are usually more articulate and have a fair ability to express themselves. Being an excellent cyclist and having an outstanding motorcycle is very important. On most runs they are road captains and will set the pace. He has to make sure his members make their bail bond payment on time. The president

is the one who makes all the general decisions for the best interest of the outlaw club. Elections are usually held once a year, and they use the democratic way of voting.

When a new member joins a club he is issued his colors which are usually a sleeveless Levi jacket with the club's name and insignia on the back. They are laid out on the ground to be "Initiated." All the members will stand around it urinating, pouring beer, mustard, oil, grease. One member might "flash" (a term for vomiting), and anything else that might add to the filth will be thrown on the colors. They will then jump up and down on the jacket, making sure the dirt and filth is penetrating into the jacket. After this the colors are official, the member is never able to wash it, for this is his party cloth and riding outfit. They



**Gals, two and three wheel chariots make for mass mayhem during a recent four club get-together**



### **Note Nazi colors these outlaws sport during a club outing!**

sometimes refer to their dirty attire as "slicks" because of being slick and shiny with years of grease and dirt. The outlaw rationalization for this is that the dirty clothing helps keep them warm while riding on cold nights.

Other clubs have more respect for their colors and do not believe in the initiation tactic. They have rather expensive leather vest jackets with club names and emblems on the back.

The colors serve the outlaws in other purposes, such as: if they are on a long run and get separated from the pack or in a camp area they will hang their colors on the cycle for identification. This will make it easier for the group to get back together again especially at night.

The one thing that really tags an outlaw rider is the type of motorcycle he rides. The cycle they favor is the Harley-Davidson 74 stripped of all accessories, customizing it to their own taste. Improvising fenders, handle bars, seats, shifting dives, until it doesn't look like the same motorcycle. Chroming all the parts and spending many hours doing fancy paint jobs. The motors are hopped-up to the limits, giving it that extra burst of

speed they may need. This is what they call building a chopper. When they get through with their designing and art work, many of these bikes are valued at \$1,000 to \$3,000. The normal upkeep will often run more than the upkeep of an average family automobile. Many of the outlaws have won a dozen or more first place trophies in costume shows. For them it is like doing a fine piece of sculpture or painting a beautiful picture, because it is a form of art.

The chopper can be and is a very dangerous machine. When torqued out at its peak it is capable of doing over 100 miles per hour. It has more than enough power for the pick-up you need while cutting in and around traffic. It does take a highly skilled rider to handle the beast like machine; one little slip and you could find yourself sliding under an auto. This is probably why many choose to be an outlaw rider, so they can live close to death. They refuse to wear crash helmets and leather which would serve as protection in case of a spill. They can achieve a great sensational form of freedom while driving at high speeds and being able to do dangerous tricks is strictly living for the immediate moment.



## GETTIN' HITCHED



Not every club has a preacher to conduct weddings so there is a few preachers who will service several clubs. In some cases the president will take the place of a preacher.

There are many different versions of an outlaw wedding, all are unorthodox though, since they don't have much value for religion. They live in a society with their own moral standards.

The one most commonly conducted is by an outlaw cyclist who calls himself the preacher. He actually preaches a sermon from a Holy Bible. In most cases the preacher knows the Bible extremely well. It's a short ceremony held in the presence of all the members and any other members from other clubs that wish to attend with wives and girl friends. They are all flying colors and wearing party clothes. Why not, because what's a wedding without a party? Like all weddings, the preacher pronounces them Man and Wife. After they embrace and kiss, the groom will turn to his buddies in line, kissing them all on the lips, last but not least he kisses

the preacher. This is not a homosexual act but just part of a long tradition that was brought over to this country by a foreign motorcyclist, so they say. After this kissing everyone lines up in a long congratulation line to shake hands with the bride and groom. They will then sprinkle beer on the newlyweds instead of throwing rice. The married couple will make it to their bike to leave for a nice enjoyable honeymoon with a string of beer cans tied to the back of the motorcycle clanking along behind. A few other cycles may escort the couple along for a short while.

The other type of wedding is when the club president reads passages from the Harley-Davidson motorcycle manual such as, "the piston is inserted here" and "the bearing should be lubricated a certain way" and so on. Then he pronounces them man and wife. If they ever want a divorce it is done simply by ripping up the handbook that they were married by.

For the outlaw, marriages are binding and better than any common law marriage.



**Preacher isn't ordained but he is okay with the gang!**



**Pictures taken during an actual "outlaw" wedding. These pictures were taken with a zoom type camera! Outlaw cyclist take a dim view of outsiders during a most serious ceremony!!**

**Best man kisses groom and wishes him good fortune!**

**Taco joints, drive-ins, low budget coffee shacks these are "outlaw" hangouts. They love joking and re-living recent episodes in their**

**blizarre lives ... stolen bikes, latest spots to obtain a fix, who's locked up this month ... It's all thrashed-over ... over a weed!**

# HANGOUTS



The favorite central meeting places for the various motorcycle clubs to go on week-ends are hot dog stands, drive-in restaurants; and places that have patio type service. The main reason is so the cyclists can watch their motorcycle. Motorcycle stealing is as common as horse stealing was back in the frontier days. The penalty is a lot less, though.

In the summer of 1965 the Yankee Poodle hot dog stand on Sunset and La Brea in Hollywood, Calif., was the favorite meeting place for the clubs in that particular area. On a fair night you could probably count up to one hundred and fifty bikes parked across the street. It was a better tourist attraction than the Hollywood Museum and with no charge. The only disappointment to the tourist was there never was any good brawls or gang wars. Except for one quiet week night; on purpose a fellow in a large truck ran into the back of a kid who was riding a little Honda. When the kid got up off the ground, the truck driver walk-

ed over and punched him. Unnoticed by the truck driver several outlaw motorcyclists were standing near and saw the whole thing. What happened to the driver and truck in the next few minutes shouldn't happen to anyone. They literally tore truck and driver to pieces. A bully is one thing the outlaws don't like. Anyhow, it gave them a chance to do their good deed for the day.

The proprietor of the 'Poodle' never complained about the outlaws because they are good spenders when they have money, and he did an excellent business while they were there. Another thing about an outlaw, they will never try and beat a tab if they like the people who are running the place.

Eventually, like all the hangouts, the neighboring citizens will complain and put pressure on the police force to get the cyclists to move away from the area. Then the police will move in using their usual law enforcement tactics by writing as many legal tickets as possible, and

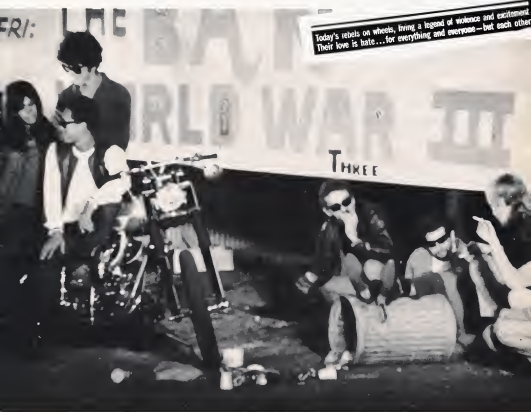
planting vice officers among the cyclists, trying to make narcotic arrests.

After all this doesn't work, they will have to make one big bust of the place. Like in the movies, there will be officers planted on the inside; finally, on the quiet, police cars will surround the place. They will make many arrests, some on suspicion and maybe some for actual legit reasons. This is the most effective way to handle the matter and is very costly for the one arrested in ones time and money. Now the "Yankee Poodle" is out of business and changing owners.

The motorcyclists have moved to a

place called the "Strip Combers" on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood. Now the same tactic will begin over again, already someone with political pull has had part of the street where the cyclists parked their bikes painted red. The parking is becoming a problem and what is a hang-out if there isn't a place to park where you can watch your bike?

No matter if they are right or wrong the outlaws will always be a target for police officers or politicians trying to make rank. As self-proclaimed rebels, conventional society is not ready for them.





# "PLEASE——"

A fiction story set in teaming,  
steaming New York City  
with ample doses of delightful sex



From the moment he saw her, Steve wanted to make love to her.

Linda was not like other girls. He knew that instinctively. She was like a frightened sparrow who needed comfort and security. He wanted to take her in his arms and hold her close to him. He wanted to feel the warmth of her intensely female body against him. The urge within him grew more suddenly than it ever had with a girl.

"Meet Linda," Lester had said.

It had been like any other weekday at 5:05 P.M., after work. Lester had picked Steve up at the Northeast corner of Twenty-third and Lexington, amid the usual frantic New York City traffic. And then life suddenly lost its routing.

Steve felt the warmth of her thigh against his as she slid into the front seat beside them — but only for a fleeting too-short moment, as she moved away to give him room.

"Hi," Steve said.

His voice was calm enough, but he felt his heart pounding at the sight of her, at the closeness, the overpowering female perfume of her.

Linda. A beautiful name for a beautiful girl. As Lester accelerated the old Chevy down the cobbly street, Steve glanced at the girl sitting beside him.

She had a smile that fired his veins, a grace that was soft and gentle. He believed that if he could touch her, if he could hold her naked body and feel her writhing in his arms, he would know

the texture of grace. She was sensual in every movement. Her large rounded breasts strained angrily against her tight blouse. Her skirt had ridden up high over her knees, and he could see the firm creamy flesh that led to her thighs.

Linda was built to give something — something Steve needed, wanted desperately. How desperately he had only just begun to realize.

Lester stopped, double-parked, beside a drugstore. "Excuse me a minute, kids," he said. "I've got to pick up some aspirin."

Steve was grateful for the chance to be alone with the girl. "You live around here?" he asked her.

"Two blocks over. On Seventy-fourth." Her voice was warm and friendly.

"Funny I never saw you before. Live here long?"

"All my life. I've seen you."

She smiled again, and Steve knew that already, without knowing anything about her, he was in love with her. He loved her smile, her full rich moist lips, her pert nose, the wealth of black hair, the rise and fall of her breasts as she breathed, the subtle movement of her hips against the car seat, the long lovely legs stretching their enchanting length. The idea of actually holding this vision in his arms, of kissing her, fondling her —

The thought was overwhelming. He had never thought it could happen to him, but it was love

at first sight. He had to see her again. She had come into his life suddenly, as though by magic, and she mustn't leave.

"Look," he said, "why don't you and I have coffee together. Right now, I mean. After all, we've been neighbors for years and we've got a lot to talk about."

She hesitated, sensing his eagerness. "All right," she said finally.

"Fine," he said, and when Lester returned, he told him to drop them off at a coffee shop.

Lester grinned knowingly, but merely said, "Sure."

The grin annoyed Steve. Lester was the kind of guy who went in for one-night stands. He wouldn't know about real love if you clobbered him with it.

But Lester didn't matter. The world didn't matter. For Steve there was only Linda. In a matter of minutes, they were sitting across from each other sipping coffee, not talking.

They were like strangers, with no words to say. Steve felt uneasy just sitting there. He wanted to take her hand in his and hold it. He wanted to say something brilliant.

He settled for, "Tell me about yourself."

"There's not much to say," she said. She was twenty-two, had never been married. They'd gone to the same school and knew many of the same people. She was working as a secretary in downtown Manhattan. "And that's about it," she finished.

"I'm sure there's much more," he said.

She frowned, and he was sure of it. There was a sense of mystery about her that intrigued him, something he had sensed from the first. She had a problem. It was nothing new. All girls had problems. But it helped if they had someone to confide in.

He told her that.

She laughed nervously. "You're being psychic."

"Want to talk about it?"

She looked down at her coffee cup, not wanting to meet his eyes. "If I did have a problem, why do you think I'd tell you?"

"Because I'm practically a stranger — at the moment. Just make believe I write a love-lorn column."

"Love-lorn?" She looked at him shrewdly. "Why — why do you say that?"

"Because I'm psychic," he said. "Besides, your eyes are lovely, but they give you away."

On impulse he reached out and touched her hand. It might have been a trite gesture, but it was a vital thing. He could sense an emotional bond forming between them, and now there was a

physical one — they now knew the sensation of one flesh against the other. Later, there would be more contact, more intimate contact during the act of lovemaking — but for now, this was a start.

He asked her for a date that night. She hesitated again, then accepted.

He picked her up that night and they went out to a movie, then had some drinks in an intimate, dimly-lit bar. At first they talked very little. Steve was very conscious, however, of the female presence of her, and he busied his thoughts with elaborate schemes to plant the first kiss on her full, sensuous lips. The kiss would at last allow him to hold her close, and thus explore the delicate lines of her breasts, the fine contours of her body, the hot silk of her strong thighs.

But when he dropped her off at her apartment, she allowed him only to kiss her lightly on the cheek, and then she was gone. Strangely, he did not feel frustrated. It would take time, he realized, but she would be worth it.

He saw her frequently during the next few weeks. They walked holding hands on the boardwalk at Coney Island; they went to the movies in downtown Brooklyn; they ate Chinese food or pizza pies at all-night restaurants; they rode the subway pressed tightly together, feeling the heat tingling in their bodies.

He would take her to her door and say good night. She had allowed him longer and more intimate kisses, and his hands were free to roam about her intense female body. But she would not invite him into her apartment.

He would go home then and lie awake drenched in nervous sweat thinking about her and her body, about her long legs, about the gentle swirl of her belly, the fine arch of her hips, the maddening movement of her buttocks always pressing roundly outward under her tightly molded clothing. He would toss restlessly as the vision of her hidden femaleness flashed mercilessly behind his eyes. And then he would sink into a fitful, tortured sleep — and dream about them being together, holding, kissing, fondling, knowing all the delights of love.

On their next date, he drove to a darkened place and parked. He reached out to her awkwardly with hungry lips, with too-eager hands — and she panicked, drawing away in fear, and she started crying.

He felt like a heel and said he was sorry. He started the car in motion and drove along the Shore Parkway. The weather for November was unusually warm. Baby breezes scampered in from the ocean to play on the nearby highway.

"Let's — let's stop here for awhile," Linda said.

Adam's first day was the longest . . . no Eve.

The Erutan people (that's Nature spelled backwards) are making a new drug for constipation called OPPO (that's POOP spelled inside out).

Tom: "What can Jello do that I can't?"

Mary: "Come in six delicious flavors!"

Any woman is better for a man than none . . . and one man is never as good for a woman as two.

Who says that Mother Nature Didn't do her bit?  
She never made a gal and guy With things that didn't fit!

Confucius say: To raise chickens you must have cock and pullet.

They've got a new machine for shaving the fuzz off of peaches . . . by golly, I'd better not catch anybody shaving the fuzz off MY peach!

"Since you're going to take it like a man, would you rather have a bust in the mouth or a crack in the face?"



"Sure," he said, grateful she was not angry with him.

They walked over the sand to the edge of the water, and looked out into the blackness, broken only by the stars and by lights on a promontory that extended a quarter mile out.

"It's beautiful," she said, between deep breaths. "You're beautiful," he said.

He wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her hard. Standing behind her, his hands resting on her shoulders, he breathed the scent of her hair. He kissed her on the side of her neck and ran his tongue behind her ear.

She shivered. "It's getting late. I think we ought to get back to the car."

He felt torn and twisted and mangled. She saw the look on his face, and compassion flooded her lovely features.

"Poor man," she said. "Why did I let you get mixed up with me? I'm sorry."

"I love you, Linda," he told her softly. "Tell me what's wrong. Is it me?"

Gently she stroked his neck. "No. Not you."

Her voice broke, and he looked at her. She was crying again. Gently, he placed his hand on her cheek, feeling the wetness of her tears. She fell into his arms, and he comforted her. He found her lips and tasted them, bit them and pressed them hard to his. With an almost savage fury she ground her body against him, and he lowered her to the ground. His tongue darted wildly in her mouth as he moved furiously to free her from her clothes. He was flooded with emotion and could hardly breathe; the pounding of his heart was loud in his ears. She squirmed, trying to free herself.

"No, no," she sobbed. "Please —"

"It's all right, Linda," he said. "I love you."

"No!" she cried.

He stopped, and she rolled away from him and got up. "I'm sorry, Steve, I like you very much, but —"

"But what, for Pete's sake. I've got a right to know. I'm in love with you."

She hesitated. "Let's go back to the car," she said. "I'll tell you."

They returned to the car. He gave her a cigarette, lit it. She dragged on it deeply, then sat silently for several minutes, calming herself. He watched the deep rise and fall of her breasts as she breathed, and he felt a familiar yearning building inside him again.

"I — I'm involved with someone," she said finally.

"Involved?" His heart fell.

She nodded quickly. "With — with someone who's married and has two kids."

"Who?"

"I can't tell you, Steve. I don't want to hurt you any more."

"How can I help you, unless you know?"

She considered this. "I want you to love me, Steve. I need someone like you. I guess I always have. But I'm a pretty mixed up kid when it comes to sex. I've always been deathly afraid of men, ever since —"

She hesitated, then rushed on, "— ever since my stepfather raped me when I was a child. I met Phil in the library in our neighborhood and — well, at first it was a casual acquaintance. I never knew it would go any further. But Phil seemed to recognize my problem and was very gentle with me. We began to see a lot of each other. We — we even took a small apartment, where we could meet and be alone for a few hours now and then. I guess I fell in love with Phil, after awhile. You'll never understand it, I suppose, but —"

"When was the last time you saw — this Phil?" Steve asked.

"This afternoon," she said, not looking at him.

They sat for a long time without speaking. Steve lit a cigarette. Finally, he said, "I love you, Linda. I want to marry you. But you've got to give up this other love. You can't keep on meeting this other person. There's no future in it."

"I know," she said. "You're right, Steve. I'll try. I'll really try."

He gave her hand a reassuring squeeze. "Good girl."

He drove her home, and at the door she gave him a warm, gentle kiss that lingered until he felt as though he were on fire again.

"You'll never see Phil again?" he said.

"Never," she promised.

He breathed a sigh of relief. "Let's not wait, Linda. Let's get married right away. Tomorrow's Friday. After work we'll drive over to Maryland."

She closed her eyes tightly. "All right, darling. I know you'll be good for me."

He kissed her again, warmly, and then parted. He went back down to the street, whistling, his heart singing inside him. Tomorrow, Linda would be his, exclusively. With him to love her, she would soon forget Phil. He would see to that.

The next day he called her at work, but he was told she had reported in sick. At first he was worried, then he realized that of course she wanted some time to pack so she'd merely taken the day off. He called her at home, but there was no

"He neared the bedroom, his breath seemed to stop . . ." Her head was thrown back over the edge of the bed

# PLEASE

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answer. Probably out shopping, he decided.

He tried to busy himself with work, but his mind kept returning to what would happen that night. They would drive to Maryland in a few hours and then get married by a Justice of the Peace. Then take a motel someplace.

It seemed like forever that he had dated her without making love to her. Most other girls would have given in at least by the third date. But Linda was worth waiting for. And now, finally, the time of waiting was over. Tonight would be the night.

He would be very considerate, very gentle. They would just sit and talk for awhile. Then he would kiss her and hold her close. They would get used to each other's bodies gradually, unveiling each new mystery gently, without hurrying. And finally, they would make love — beautiful, passionate love as only two people who love each other can do.

It was a marvelous daydream, and Steve rev-

eled in it, fidgeting, watching the clock and wondering if the day would ever pass. He called her several more times during the afternoon, but she didn't answer.

After work, he went right home and packed his suitcase. Then, he went to her apartment. He was about to knock, when he heard her voice inside the room. He hesitated, listening. Her voice sounded strange, and at first he thought she was in distress. There was a muffled, "no, no!" and a whimper, and then nothing.

His heart raced. His mind was in turmoil. He edged closer to the door, trying to disbelieve what he'd heard. His hand fell on the doorknob, and he turned it. Slowly and quietly, the door opened, pushed inward.

No one was in the living room. He stepped in cautiously. Still no sound. Another step. Another. Then, loud and clear and unmistakably Linda's voice, crying:

"Oh, Phil. Oh, Phil. Have mercy on me, please!"

Steve closed his eyes tightly, trying to blot out the sound of her words. He trembled violently, but compulsion seized him and drove him with relentless force forward. He opened his eyes. He had to see. He had to see Phil.

His heart was pounding as he neared the bedroom. His breath seemed to stop within him as he took step after leaden step toward the room where he would see what he feared to see.

There were more sounds now: the rustle of bedsprings; moaning, sighing; ragged breathing.

He forced himself to the door and peered around the edge. The brightly lighted room came into view, and the tableau seared itself into his memory.

Linda. Naked. Her head thrown back over the edge of the bed. Her hair dangling in wild abandon. Her eyes slitted in passion. Phil. Beside her. Naked. Smoothing her flesh. Caressing her. Fondling her.

Steve shrank back, closing his eyes to blot out the sight, pressing his hands against his ears to shut off the sound. He retreated, running through the living room like a madman, his whole body trembling with the shock and horror of what he had seen. His mind grew numb, holding only one image in it — the image of Phil.

Steve knew now about Phil. He understood about Linda. He knew now that "Phil" was short for "Phyllis!"

The End

Swedish women are not bothered by hair growth, but on the whole most European women are increasingly bothered by moustaches.

Let's all sing:

SHE GAZED INTO MY  
EYES OF BLUE  
AND I LOOKED INTO  
HER BROWN . . .

The story of her life can be told in one word YES. The only things she ever gives is IN.

Girlfriend: Honey, what's shortarm inspection?

Soldier: That's when they see if our pistols are loaded.

The laziest guy we know took his bride up to the bridal suite in a San Francisco hotel and waited for an earthquake . . .

They've got a new way to sing it:

I'm undressing 'cause I  
love you . . .

Please undress and love  
me too . . .

In days of old when maids were bold  
And chased the men all day  
The men like fools took out their tools  
And chased the maids away.

The traveling salesman stopped and spent the night at a farmhouse, and all he had in his pocket was a silk handkerchief. A few years later he stopped at the same farm and a pretty girl came to the door with a small boy at her side. "What a fine looking little boy you have there," he said. And she replied, "He should be fine . . . he was strained through a silk handkerchief."

What's better than Honor?  
. . . Inner.

Pete Peters, the star fullback at Tumbledown State, broke his left leg in scrimmage two days before THE GAME of the year. Friday, the local paper carried a big headline, TEAM WILL PLAY WITH-OUT PETERS. After the dean raised hell about it, the Saturday morning paper changed the heading to read: TEAM WILL PLAY WITH PETERS OUT.

#### CAT HOUSE SEANCE

Giggle, Gabble, Gobble, Glt

## LAUGHS

#### VOICE THROUGH THIN WALLS

He: Did I hurt you?

She: No, why?

He: You moved.

There was a young fellow  
named Charteris

Put his hand where his young  
lady's garter is,

She sighed, "I don't mind

And up higher you'll find

The place where my little self-  
starter is."

Do you know what's harder  
than getting a pregnant ele-  
phant in a Volkswagen? . . .  
getting an elephant pregnant in  
a Volkswagen!

We were going to tell you a  
secret about the burlesque  
queen's legs, but you know  
how secrets spread.

Suzie the steno thinks a guy  
who hands it to you straight  
from the shoulder isn't half so  
popular as one who throws it  
to you straight from the hip.

Sam: Where are you going,  
man?

Bam: To lay linoleum.

Sam: Has she got a sister?

An old Jap Samurai named  
Haki

Once pickled his chingo in Saki

When it was quite dead

He cried with bowed head

"You can now rest in peace,  
little kaki."

1st New Hubby: Six times  
the first night.

2nd N. H.: Me, EIGHT  
times the first night.

3rd N. H.: Me, just once  
. . . she wasn't used to it.

There was a fellow from Dale  
Whose jingles were hard as a  
nail

When he banged them to-  
gether

They played Stormy Weather

And the lightning shot out of  
his tail.

Little Johnny and his Daddy  
went to the woods to cut fire  
wood, and it was so cold that  
Little Johnny's whatchamacall-  
it froze, so they went home  
and Daddy told him to sit in  
front of the fire and rub it till  
it thawed out, and he did. La-  
ter Daddy came in and said,  
"Feeling better now?" and  
Johnny replied, "Sure does,  
Daddy, but it felt best when  
the frost came out."

A winded young lady named  
Vogill

Sat down to rest on a molehill.

But the resident mole

Stuck his nose in her  
hole . . .

Miss Vogill's okay, but the  
mole's ill.



# THE LAW

Most people who have witnessed a state-wide outlaw run admit that it is a "real" out parade. Seeing a string of 75 to 100 motorcycles putting along the highway with their shining chrome and lavish paint jobs glittering in the sun light. At night silhouettes of machine and riders can be seen against the moon



## Police, guns and a natural bent for gettin' into trouble

lit sky adding a romantic western touch. Their high-powered motors roaring in a rhythm like a swarm of hornets.

These Barbarian-type masters mounted atop their mechanical horses with their long hair, beards and colorful garb, decorated with everything from Luftwaffe insignia, swastikas, patches with the number 13, skulls. Some are wearing odd type helmets such as the Nazi "coal-buckets" used in World War Two. Perched behind some of these Barbarian masters are their women attired to fit the occasion with their hair blowing wildly in the cooling breeze.

On a state-wide run, several clubs will join up and make the run together. There is seldom two motorcycles that look alike, most of them are neatly customized and remodeled to their own standards. Every club is dressed a little differently. Some wear the dirty-type Levi





jackets with the sleeves torn off, while others have the leather-type vests with their club's names and emblems on the back. The clubs refer to these as their colors, which will be talked about more later.

It is like a masquerade party on wheels!

A run is organized by word of mouth and will usually take place on a long holiday weekend. They are planned carefully by the leaders. Sometimes they are a little disorganized on the road due to the many obstacles: mechanical break-downs, wrong turns, accidents and police harassment. There are always check points along the way for refueling. The average outlaw motorcycle can only go about 50 miles on a tank of gas because of the customizing of their gas tanks and modifications of their high-powered engines.

If one of the bikes should break down on the highway all the others will wait for it to be repaired. If the motorcycle can't be repaired, they will have a few pick-up trucks following up the rear, which do serve as a dual purpose so they can haul the bike back to the repair shop after the run and to carry party supplies and sleeping bags.

They are always guaranteed several roadblocks along the way and in many cases turned back. Most roadblocks are unlike the ones you see in the movies where there are two or three police cars blocking the road and several police officers waving their arms to stop. The way they work it is by coming up behind the outlaw gangs in a convoy manner with shotguns leveled out the windows, signaling for the motorcycles to pull over. To the cyclist this is part of the run and they are expecting it. After the pack is 'shut down' the police surround them with shotguns. A few officers will commence to check driver's licenses for warrants and the motorcycles themselves for equipment violations. Most outlaws are well prepared to be jack-up, as they call it. Some may have phony driver's licenses and will just tear up the citation laughing about it while others are 'clean' from anything illegal. A few who have records or warrants out for them don't worry too much because jail is like a second home to them and they might enjoy visiting a few of their old buddies who are already in the 'can'





When the "Outlaws" go for a run . . . somehow, somehow the law officers usually get word of it! Even if the group is "Clean" the arm of John Law bugs 'em!





WILD  
"OUTLAWS"



ANOTHER  
SHOCKING  
CULT



# ACID HEADS!

**Needles are for kicks  
Cops are for kicking  
Gals are for poking  
"Outlaw" acid head greedo**

The disease is striking in beachside beatnik pads and in the dormitories of expensive prep schools, it has grown into an alarming problem at campus. And everywhere the diagnosis is the same, psychotic illness resulting from unauthorized, nonmedical use of the drug LSD-25.

Patients with post-LSD symptoms are providing the Neuropsychiatric Institute with 10% to 15% of its cases; more are flocking to the university medical centers and the County Hospitals. By best estimates, 10,000 students in the University of California system have tried LSD (though not all have suffered detectable ill effects). No one can even guess how many more self-styled "acid heads" there are among oddball cult groups.

Devotees proclaim the alleged benefits of LSD with evangelistic fervor. They say it brings supernatural powers. It does not, say psychiatrists. Some say it helps the user to solve his emotional problems. It may — but only if the solution is already in the mind, hidden behind an emotional block.

What LSD actually has done for far too many users, says U.C.L.A.'s Psychiatric Resident Duke D. Fisher, is to produce "florid psychoses with terrifying visual and auditory hallucinations, marked depression, often with serious suicide attempts, and anxiety bordering on panic. One patient tried to kill himself when he thought his body was melting, and he remained suicidal for more than two weeks, after only one dose of LSD. Other patients have required more than two months of psychiatric hospitalization. Still others have been sent to state hospitals for long-term treatment." The symptoms may recur in their original intensity long after the last dose of the drug. Many users have had this experience.

The varied types of LSD users include vast numbers of thrill seekers. Most have tried marijuana, then the amphetamines, before "graduating" themselves to what they regard as the ultimate in kicks. In the rebellious student groups many are trying LSD because they feel lost on an impersonal, bustling campus; others have been squeezed by the need to make better grades to avoid the draft.

One of the most disturbing aspects of the LSD binge is that it has hit high schools and prep schools. A 17-year-old user reports that there is a sales ring in his school pushing LSD at a penny a microgram. The usual dose of the pure chemical, used by psychiatric investigators, is 100 mcg,

(1/300,000th of an ounce), but even junior acid heads boast of taking walloping overdoses. "I've taken as much as 500 micrograms," says one youthful user. "At least that's what I paid for."

Especially alarming from the medical viewpoint is the fact that no one knows how much LSD is really in a capsule, or how pure the drug is. The only legal supply goes to selected psychiatrists as a research tool for creating "model" psychoses, and for use in the treatment of certain patients, notably alcoholics. This supply is so rigidly controlled that none, so far as is known, is now reaching a black market. The flood of stuff in California is all bootleg, some imported from Mexico, more of it home-brewed by chemistry majors — probably in college labs — and by cheap-jack operators in garages. LSD is so distressingly easy for a competent chemist to make from inexpensive materials, there is a constant danger that poisonous impurities may be left in.

Happily, addiction is not a problem. Although repeat users need bigger doses to get an effect, they can "kick it cold" and suffer no withdrawal symptoms. It has no physiologic effects. Nevertheless, say psychiatrists, "LSD can kill you dead — by making you feel that you can walk on water, or fly."

What was bad for the well-adjusted research psychiatrist can be infinitely worse for the cultist. "The trouble with uncontrolled use is that the people attracted to LSD may be the very ones who have the most trouble with it. They are life's losers — dissatisfied, restless people, afflicted with problems they can't handle. A lot of them wallow in self-pity and denigrate those who have made it in the 'square' world. They see in LSD, with its perceptual wonders, the intensity, luminosity and throbbing of colors. True, this can be blissful, but there is danger of ego loss or psychosis when someone with paranoid tendencies or a rigid personality glimpses his personal problem. It can be truly hellish."

Such dangers do not deter the acid heads, or "psychedelics" — even though some users are willing to admit that they found no great "show," or had a "freak trip" (a bad one), or "tripped out" (the worst kind). Said one two-time user last week: "Would I try it again? No, because I've been to places inside myself where no one should ever go." Most psychiatrists who have had to treat post-LSD patients agree.



Dirk Dick, President of "Devil's Henchmen" shows his Souvenir Nazi Shirt. Is not a Follower of any Anti Government Party



The picture that first showed the wild part of our cycle world  
... Marlon Brando stars in Columbia Pictures "The Wild  
One," filmed in Hollywood circa 1960.



Top Performers in "The Wild Angels"  
Diane Ladd and Bruce Dern

**Beat generation that prefers  
two wheels and handlebars,  
spokes, grease and a  
wonderful "don't give a  
damn attitude"**





**The hogs that are their pride and joy . . . machines first!**





Norm lives in a beautiful ranch type home in the Sun Valley Hills with his mother and father. He stands 5' 9" - 210 lbs - blue eyes - Strawberry blond hair but can not grow a beard. Almost every morning Norm takes his racing bicycle for a twenty mile ride. Works out every day and also takes a dip in his swimming pool. He doesn't smoke and only drinks beer on week-ends with his outlaw motorcycle buddies. He is in perfect physical condition. His only hang-up is



his mother won't let him drive his famous six-pack, Corvair motorcycle at night but he does sneak it out occasionally.

Norm's only comment about his six-pack is that after you ride it you won't want to ride anything else.

His only other gig other than motorcycles and acting is a night club act which he has done extremely well at. He sings like a girl or something unusual like that.

Two years in succession he has been on crutches for a period of several weeks. The first time a motorist ran through a red light wiping Norman out. His buddies which were following in a truck picked him up thinking he was dead but Norman survived. Just recently he shot himself in the leg practicing a fast draw with 'Cold 45'. The kid has a 1966-4 door Lincoln Continental and a pretty sister to chauffeur him around. He collects unemployment insurance. The lucky cat has three films to be released in which he plays important supporting roles: "Out-Of-Site" for Universal-International, "Happiest Millionaire" and "Gnomobile" both for Walt Disney Productions.

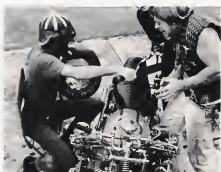
Norman Grabowski in real life is a 'Joe Good Guy'. He is a very humble guy with a great personality. Some people say he has a big ego but what ever it may be he is always very polite when he steps into the camera and crowds out half a dozen people.

"I think the whole Outlaw Motorcycle scene is great but a few ruin it for the others. I'm not very fond of full-dressers. I like choppers . . . Most of the outlaw people are down-to-earth and like to drink beer - I'm a beer drinker. I make a few of the outlaw runs a year and it's a real gas."

Norm says: "Well, I loved doing the role on 'Run For Your Life'. I thought it was good for a T.V. show considering what we could get away with. I think Barrymore did a great job of acting with his role but he didn't like the ending and walked off the set once - but like in most cases the studios have it their way and you're working for them. Barrymore just didn't think the character should die like a coward, I sort of agree with him - but you can't win them all. I don't think the show did the outlaw world justice. I can't regret playing the role because if I didn't play it someone else would have - anyhow the pay check was helpful."

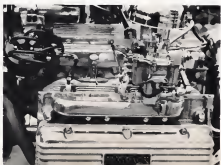
"I just hope one of these days I'll get cast as 'Joe Good Guy' instead of the bad guy all the time in these Hollywood motorcycle pictures." Beautiful "Outlaw" gal is Denise Lynn.

NORMAN GRABOWSKI, costar of "Devils Saints" episode of the T. V. Show 'Run For Your Life.'



# GRABOWSKI!

Mr. Motorcycle, famous Hollywood Man about Town Norm Grabowski.





**ALL SEEN 3000**

CHICAGO, Oct. 5 (UPI)—Motorcycle deaths in the United States "might well total 3000 a year by 1970" unless an accident-prevention program is started immediately, a National Safety Council official warned today.

Harry Porter Jr., the council's director of traffic safety, said special licensing procedures, new side-saddle riding and improved design are among steps that should be taken to reduce motorcycle deaths.

"Deaths of motorcycle riders jumped 41 percent in 1965, a 41 percent increase from 1964," Porter said. "With this increase, more than 3000 people are expected to die in motorcycle accidents this year."

Porter said. "Deaths of motorcycle riders jumped to 1580 during 1963, a 41 per cent increase from the 1118 deaths in 1962. Comprehensive accident prevention program." Council records show there were 1,287,806 cycles in the United States last year. This was a 31 per cent increase over the 1964 total. In 1960, there were 575,497 cycles, and deaths of cyclists totaled 731.





Today's rebels on wheels, living a legend of violence and excitement  
Their love is hate...for everything and everyone—but each other



BRUNK





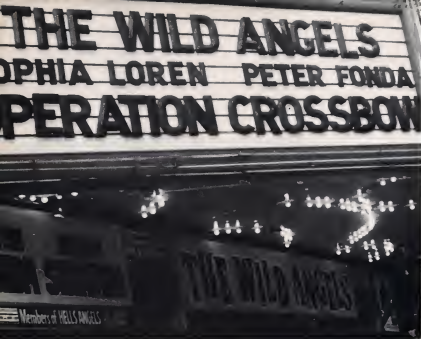
**More and More  
Violence!**



**Kraut helmets, iron crosses, red wings**

**You're in if you are way out!**





Peter Fonda lives in a secluded little house surrounded by much shrubbery in the Coldwater Canyon area west of Hollywood. He is happily married with two beautiful daughters. His only answer to his personal life is to have a good time. Most people who do not know Peter personally will sometimes have the feeling he is not a genuine person. This is not true but the exact opposite. He does not care to live off his family's reputation. He has a cultured tone to his personality which of course is from his well educated background. He prefers to live as a non-conformist to a certain degree and many times is misunderstood. After you know Peter for awhile you will understand he is a true person with a down-to-earth quality about him. He is very serious about his career, spending much time learning the other phases of cinema making. He even owns his still photo lab which he spends much time working in.

Peter Fonda has no James Dean complexes or after effects of the role which he played in "The Wild Angels". Though he does find the outlaw cyclist breed fascinating. He handles a chopper quite well and had only one minor accident while filming "Wild Angels". It happened funnily enough, when he was chasing a rabbit across the desert, after the filming. The motorcycle survived with only a few minor scratches, the rabbit got away. He saved his levi colors and garb from the picture only as a souvenir and to take a few gag photos with.

Peter isn't really sorry if he offends anyone by the parts he plays because he feels some people should be shocked once in a while. He feels there should be a few changes made in our conventional society, which is happening.

Peter Fonda says: "Regardless if the film is good or bad people should be shocked once in awhile. I really can't condemn the film. I would like to make a few changes in it — until I get there as an actor I'll have to do things their way and as a consequence I felt I was not able to excel to my full ability so the role might have a bit of comedy in it. I don't really understand the outlaw motorcycle gig and they probably don't understand mine" "One thing I know for sure is the picture made a pile of money, 8 million dollars — if it grossed that much it only makes me that much bigger for my next film". "My war is with my own power structure, some day, I hope I'll be big enough so I can make movies my own way and I won't get chopped up in the editing room. When I was in New York for a press showing of 'Wild Angels' the press and theatre owners booed and hissed me calling me a Nazi and a few other things. I don't believe the film is that degrading and really shouldn't have any influence on the younger teen-agers. The teen-agers of today have minds of their own and can think for themselves—seeing what's phoney or judge what's right.

"The outlaw cyclist that worked with me on the film were all groovy people. Like they said the picture wasn't right but I had a commitment to fulfill as an actor. "I don't have any war with the cops, mainly because of who I am, I can sympathize with some of the outlaw cyclists as I see it they've been mistreated many times."

"I would liked to have played the part with a beard and blacked out tooth but the producing company, American International, had their image of the cycle gang leader.

# PETER FONDA

**the young dynamic  
actor star of the  
box office smash . . .**

## THE WILD ANGELS



Peter and Titus Moody plus our "Outlaw" Girl look over Hot Selling Magazine.





**just ordinary folks!  
That crave being a little bit different!?**



**"Acid Heads"**



**number 13's,  
Nazi swastikas,  
long unkempt hair**





the "outlaw" uniform



## DIRTY LEVIS



**Hell on wheels • broken  
necks to all who oppose •  
live for today, tomorrow  
might never show • love thy  
other guys mama • spoil for  
a fight and wear those wings  
with pride!**





Barred magazine presents its special "barred movie" section. Most of these shots were thrown out by prudish motion picture censors. Barred was able to obtain these from European makers, so share these pics with your friends, 'cause they will never be seen in U.S. theatres!



STRONG STORY...  
EXCITING ORIGINAL  
FILM!

# BARRED

--- THE TITLE IS ---  
**CENSORED**  
THE THEME IS  
**SHOCKING**

THIS PROGRAM  
IS FOR MATURE  
UNBIASED ADULTS!



THIS PICTURE IS  
RECOMMENDED  
FOR ADULTS



**"Engrossing  
Entertainment...  
Well Made and  
Astonishingly  
Honest!"**



**Motion Picture  
that dares to  
tell the  
truth about  
MOONLIGHTING  
WIVES**



**A  
Swedish  
Love  
Story**



**UNABRIDGED, SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME**

## "A TASTE OF LOVE"



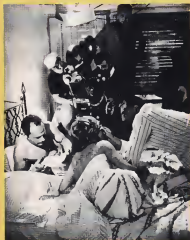
Very young boy is seduced in Czech picture "Sunshine in a Net".



French pics can be very "fleshy" and this motion picture is no exception. Lover is Maurice Ronet.



This guy is just too tired for a further romp!!



Movie love scenes seem like easy money but it is hard work. Shots are made and re-made, lights are hot, directors are perfectionists and the lover might be queer!

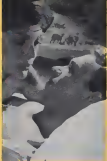
## WEB OF PASSION



Feeling goes into most European pictures . . . This clip will carry the idea. Eye catcher is Daliah Lavi, fabulous actress from Israel.



A risqué film from South America, "The No Goodies", made in Brazil. Norma Benguel likes her part!



## GOOD TIME GIRLS



Italian queen Valeria Fabrizi famous for her role in "Call Girl Business".



Bare skin can be cool and it can be . . . hot! Scene from "The Damned and the Daring".

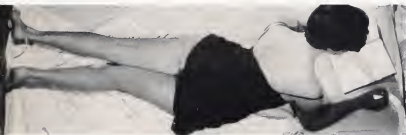
Jeanne Valerie bares her goodies in "Call Girls of Rome".

## Les Jeux de L'Amour (PLAYING AT LOVE)





Provocative Pose in "Island of the Amazons", story of love aboard a Dutch freighter and island shipwreck. Actress is gorgeous Anne Smyrner.



This is what happens when the boy friend didn't show up . . . reading a novel of life, instead of living it! Gal is Evi Marandi.



You would think these lovers could have waited . . . for nice dry bedsheets.

Mad scientist experiments with pert young thing in "Mission Roving Planet" from Italy.





Mara Meryl teases Giancarlo Giannini in scene from "Libido".

## BOSS, THAT'S TODAY'S FILMS



Leering heavy feasts on Frenchie Mireille Darc's charms picture is European spice epic!



Boy waits in bath while lush Jean Seberg lights up.

Lovely Anita Sanders displays a delightfully cut garment in Italian picture.



This shot would never reach American viewers . . . Swedish actor Mathias Henrikson plays with Maude Adelson's breast in "Bed Caper".



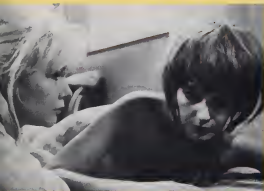
some  
Young  
capers



**Ursula Andress seduces in "The Blue Max"**



More bare boobs in dramatic feature "The Royal Route" directed by famous Gunnar Hoglund in Sweden.



Two dolls from "The Cats" film based on Lesbianism and its morbid shortcomings . . . Swede made flick stars Lena Granhagen and Gio Petre.

Oh, throw that bra down and finish peeling . . . from "Dear John". Sex-kitten is beautiful Christina Schollin.



We vote this hunk of curves the one we would most like to play "Spin the Bottle" with! Babe is Lotte Tarp, seen in Arne Mattsson's Morianerna.

## PRIORITY







Old creep loves it up in British torrid tease "West End Jungle".



This clip was barred by censors the minute it hit our shores! From army orientated movie made in West Germany.

SYMBOLISM  
IMAGINATION  
REALITY



Perhaps filmdom's largest hunk of sex . . . curvacious Anita Ekberg peels those lovely limbs.



Moment for reflection in poignant scene from British movie "During One Night".



Claudia Cardinale seems pleased with what her lover is saying. Note tantalizing slack strap!



Old Boy gets shook up in picture called "The Call Girl Business" (Can't blame 'em).





Boys start a button game in German blush-epic "Life Begins Tomorrow".



Is she saying "Why don't you shave off those whiskers"? Beauty is Senta Berger seen in musical "O Sole Mio".



The bed, the guy and a lush lovely Dawn Addams in "House of Sin".



Actor Renato Rascel pleads with long limbed Anita Ekberg in "The Call Girl Business".



Everyone's dream come to life on the screen in "Island of Naked Women".

"Shadow of Adultery" mixes warm shots with sizzling close-ups, lover is Christian Marquand.



He is trying to tell her . . . Give in! Italian pic stars Nino Castelnuovo.



## The Pleasure Girls

They made love their way. **ANY WAY!!!**

## SYNOPSIS

**W**HEN Sally Feathers (Francesca Annis) leaves home in the country to share a London flat with two former school friends, life seems exciting and glamorous. She has long dreamt of the day when she would start in Model School.

Her two friends, Angela (Anneke Wills) and Dee (Suzanna Leigh), together with Dee's brother (Tony Tanner) soon make her feel at home.

The third occupant of the flat is the tall, willowy brunette, Marion (Rosemary Nicols) who is having an affair with a self-styled aristocrat, Prinnny (Mark Eden). Sally soon becomes convinced that he is a waster.

The fifth bachelor girl is the madcap Australian, Cobber (Coleen Fitzpatrick), a lover of fast sports cars – and their owners.

At a Bonfire Night party, Sally meets Keith Dexter (Ian McShane) a fast-talking, ambitious photographer who tries to impress her but fails.

Dee, on the other hand, believes in making hay while the sun shines. She has attached herself to the rich, property-owning Nikko (Klaus Kinski) who represents easy living to the glamorous Dee – but finds herself falling in love with him.

When Marion tells Prinnny that she is pregnant, he insists on her having an abortion and persuades her to hand over the only



They made love their way...ANY WAY!!!

valuable she possesses – a diamond brooch.

He takes it to Nikko who pays him £105 – “£100 for your client and £5 for you,” Nikko tells Prinny contemptuously.

Marion waits all evening for Prinny to call – in vain. The next night, while at supper with him in a restaurant, she asks him about the brooch. Prinny insists that he still has it but when Marion throws it on the table in front of him, he admits that he lost the money at the gaming tables – and much more besides. The brooch has been returned to Marion by Dee, to whom Nikko gave it as a present.

Sickened by his attitude, Marion tells Prinny to go.

Keith and Sally are becoming more involved. Although she now realises that she loves Keith, Sally is determined not to become yet another of his conquests and resists his advances.

Dee discovers that she has left her ring in Nikko's car. When she calls at the garage, she finds him badly beaten up by some of the tenants he has exploited. She waits by his hospital bed and when he regains consciousness, tells him that she is ready to live with him and that she loves him. She is interrupted by another visitor – his wife. Dee leaves the hospital in tears.

The long night is over. As Sally leaves for her first day at the Model School, she is met by Keith. A new day has started for the five girls.



**Yes!**



# The Pleasure Girls





**"Guess who's turn it is tonite"**

No wonder Santa Claus never had any children . . . he's got popcorn balls, comes only once a year, and then he goes off in his sleigh.

Sure, love is blind . . . why else does a fellow have to feel his way around?

What's worse than paper falsies? . . . a paper box.

Ever see a one-eyed sex maniac? Close one eye and look in the mirror!

You know what they call a fellow who eats elephant fries? . . . BIG MOUTH.

Mary had a little lamb,  
It followed her to sleep.  
The lamb turned out to be a  
ram . . .  
Now Mary's full of sheep.

This overgrown, handle-happy kid rushed into the doctor's office, uncocked his fowling piece and said, "Doc, take a look at this!" The doctor took a good look and examined it carefully and said, "Buddy, I don't see anything wrong with it." So the kid answered, "I know, Doc, but AIN'T IT A BEAUT?"

# BAD GUYS!

There are several forms of outlaw clubs. There is the club that wears the Levi jackets with all the goodie decoration and pins saying "DFFL", meaning dope forever, forever, loaded; "13" meaning the thirteenth letter of the alphabet which is 'M' standing for marijuana; "Red Wings" and other disgusting things





## GOOD GUYS!



The "Tiki's" with 18 members are considered an outlaw group mainly because of their beautiful choppers. It is a strict club rule that your motorcycle can't be shut down for more than two weeks or the member will be suspended. Tiki's often brag about the fact that they have the finest looking and running bikes in the state. They have made practically all the big outlaw runs since they were founded back in Oct. 1959 and are located in the San Gabriel Valley, Calif.

Ken Means is the present day president of the Tiki's and has been elected nine times. The president term is six months.



He saw this lovely lass in the bar, and invited her to have a drink. "OK," she said, "but it's not going to do you any good." Then he offered her more drinks, a night on the town and finally a visit to his apartment, and each time she replied, "OK, but it's not going to do you any good." In the apartment he tried hard to make out, and finally blurted, "You're very appealing . . . I want you for my wife," and the girl said, "That's different . . . SEND HER IN!"

"When you asked me up for a short one," said Lulu wistfully, "I thought you meant a drink."

Familiarity breeds . . .

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick  
Jack jumped over a candlestick . . .  
Somebody show Jack to the men's room.

**"Good news, darling . . .  
my husband has decided  
not to stand in my way!"**



Cowboy Cal says you don't know what lonesome is until you're so lonesome you're punching only cattle.

The parrot ate nothing but navy beans . . . he was trying to be a Thunderbird.

How to make an elephant fly: First, you take about three feet of zipper . . .

Know what an AAH-HOO bird is? That's a bird with two-inch legs and a set of four-inch jingle-jangles . . . and every time he lands he hollers, "AAH-HOO! AAH-HOO!"

A tricky Jane, I'll tell the world  
Is little Minnie Marters . . .  
She wears a smile on rosy lips  
And mouse traps in her garters . . .

A streetsweeper makes an interesting conversationalist . . . he always has loads to talk about.

"You are ALMOST the world's greatest lover . . . only INCHES away."

Girls who go on a lark usually end up in some bird's nest . . .





bizarre episodes

# MOTORCYCLE KOOKS



Cycle wenches



OUTCASTS

outlaw hogs

MAGAZINE MOVIE REVIEW  
PHOTOS WORTH SAVING!

... ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER  
TO RESERVE A COPY

IT'S ALL PART OF  
TODAY'S SCENE

Shocking World

Shocker

"TODAY'S BREED"  
"BANNED" AND  
"BARRED"  
"WILD BREED"

Classy Nylons



# WARNING

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DOWNLOAD  
THIS**



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